

The contention of the two famous Houses,

Sir Iohn. Iesus preferue your Maiefty.

Elnor. My Maiefty: why man, I am but Grace.

Sir Iohn. I, but by the grace of God, and *Hums* aduice,
Your Graces state shall be aduanc'd ere long.

Elnor. What, hast thou conferr'd with *Margery Iourdain*, the
cunning witch of *Rye*, with *Roger Bullenbrooke* and the rest? and
will they vndertake to do me good?

Sir Iohn. I haue Madam, and they haue promised me to raise
a spirit from depth of vnder ground, that shall tell your Grace
all questions you demand.

Elnor. Thankes good sir *Iohn*.

Some two dayes hence I gesse will fit our time,
Then see that they be heere:
For now the King is riding to Saint *Albones*,
And all the Dukes and Earles along with him.
When they be gone, then safely may they come,
And on the backe side of my Orchard heere;
There cast their Spelles in silence of the night;
And so resolute vs of the thing we wish;
Till when, drinke that for my sake, and so farewell.

Exit Elnor.

Sir Iohn. Now sir *Iohn Hum*, No words but mum.
Seale vp your lips, for you must silent be:
These gifts ere long will make me mighty rich.
The Dutchesse she thinks now that all is well,
But I haue Gold comes from another place,
From one that hyred me to set her on,
To plot these treasons gainst the King and Peeres;
And that is the mighty Duke of *Suffolke*.
For he it is, but I must not say so,
That by my meanes must worke the Dutchesse fall,
Who now by Coniurations thinks to rise.
But whist sir *Iohn*, no more of that I tro,
For feare you lose your head before you go.

Exit

Enter two Petitioners, and Peter the Armourers man.

1. *Petit.* Come sirs lets linger here abouts a while,

Vntill

Yorke and Lancaster

Vntill my Lord Protector come this wa
That we may shew his Grace our seuer

2. *Petit.* I pray God saue the Good
For but for him a many were vndone,
That cannot get no succour in the Cou
But see where he comes with the Quee

Enter the Duke of Suffolke with the
him for Duke Humfrey, a
him their writing

1. *Petit.* Oh we are vndone, this is
Queene. Now good-fellows, whom

2. *Petit.* If it please your Maiestie, w
Grace.

Qu. Are your suites to his Grace? Le
Looke on them my Lord of *Suffolke*.

Suffolke. A Complaint against the C
What hath he done?

2. *Petit.* Marry my Lord, he hath sto
And th'are gone together, and I know

Suff. Hath he stole thy wife? that's so
But what say you?

Peter Thumpe. Marry sir I come to te
saide, that the Duke of *Yorke* was tru
that the King was an vsurer.

Queene. An vsurper thou wouldst sa

Peter. I forsooth, an vsurper.

Queene. Didst thou say the King wa

Peter. No forsooth, I saide my maist
when wee were scowring, the Duke o
Garret.

Suf. I marry, this is something like
Who's within there?

Enter one or two.

Sirra, take in this fellow, and keepe h

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